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UNDER THE WILLOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Under the willows, the cool brink willows,
Balm flowers blossom and white lilles
grow;
Velvet the moss is, the sweet sunshines
crosses,
With a kiss on his lips for the waters
below.

Under the willows, the graceful willows,
Lover and lady sat talking one day;
Crystal waves glistened, and little birds lis-
tened;
And mimicking sang what they heard
them say.

"By blue skies above you, I love you, I
love you."
Cried Robin, the sauciest bird in the
crowd.
"My life is so lonely—one little word
only."
Pis, Robin, fine suitors don't say it so
loud!

A small Thrush romancer caught up her
quick answer,
"Go talk to the maiden who sent you
that letter,
And if you are honest, and do as you pro-
mised,
You will die for her dear sake—the sooner
the better."

And thus it was ended; but oh, the re-
peated
The mocking words jealousy urged her to
say.
Young Clarence turned rover, and went the
world over—
And they brought him to her in his coffin
one day.

For ere his last breathing, while still hands
were waving
The funeral cypress his forehead must
wear,
He said—when I perish, let those I most
cherish,
Bury me under the willow trees there.

Then morning and even, whate'er might be
given

A gentle-browed lady in duty to do;
A wreath of fresh flowers, from her own
garden bower,
Lay over the bosom that proved itself
true.

Under the willows, the grieving willows,
The morn of the day she the fatal words
said,
Fair Alice alone, by the garlanded stone,
Was found with head drooping, lips seal-
ing, and dead.

MIRIAM EARLE.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST
OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER VII.

Leonie Dormer had seasons when she knew that it would be wise and better if she would separate herself completely from Mark Lasley—but it was so difficult, that in spite of her imperious will, she could not force herself to do it. In her whole life no man's admiring words had ever sounded so pleasantly in her ear—no man's delicate attention had ever moved her so much—no man's protestations of affection ever roused such tender echoes in her heart.

She clung under this knowledge, knowing that it could only bring her deeper unrest, but her struggles made her more capricious and changeable without giving her strength to break the spell. Indeed, during the days which followed that ill-omened drive, the pair got on but poorly, though Lasley could not keep from haunting her presence—and sometimes for a little while, she would forget the stern necessity there was for keeping him alone, and be so gentle and kind, that for the hour his vague suspicions and mental torments of all sorts would be flung off, until some chance word would make her remember and bring back the disquiet which so sorely vexed his days.

He could not forget her singular faulting fit, and Milly Crofton's strangely persistent manner in regard to the emerald ring. He noticed that he had never seen it on Mrs. Dormer's fingers since that day, and once he mentioned it. She turned upon him quite angrily, and they managed to quarrel in regard to the matter; but of course it had no lasting effect. The next time they met, Louis was kinder than ever, and he so happy in seeing her smile could recollect nothing else, till a new shadow rose.

Milly, too, was fighting against her own peace; and Walter Thorman in the blind arrogancy of his manly dignity, helped her to bring the black cloud more closely down, to shut out more completely the beautiful



FISHING FOR TUNNY ON THE COAST OF PROVENCE, FRANCE.

Tunny-fishing goes back to the remotest antiquity. The Phenicians, the first navigators known, carried it on on the coast of Spain. In our days the fishing is prosecuted with great activity on the coasts of Provence, Sardinia, and Sicily.

The fishing is generally carried on by the tunny-net, but in Provence it is done with an enclosed net called the madrague. The madrague is a vast enclosure in the open sea. The netting which forms the partitions of its chambers is sustained by buoys of cork on the surface, and kept down by heavy stones and other weights on the lower edge, and maintained in this position by cords, one extremity of which is attached to the net, and the other is moored to an anchor. The madrague is intended to arrest the shoals of tunnies at the moment when they abandon the shore in order to return to the open sea. For this purpose a long silex or run is established between the sea shore and the park or

madrage. The tunnies follow this silex, and, after passing from chamber to chamber, take themselves at last to the body of the park,

in order to force them into the madrague they are pressed towards the shore by means of a long net, which is extended in their rear attached to two boats, each of which contains one of the upper angles of the net.

When the fishers come to the last compartment, the fisherman raises a horizontal net, which makes a sort of phase of this compartment, in which the fishes are gradually raised to the surface of the water. This operation occupies the whole night.

In the morning the tunnies are collected in a very narrow space, and at varying distances from the shore; and now the carnage commences. The unhappy creatures are struck with long poles, boat-hooks, and other weapons. The tunny-fishing presents a very sad spectacle at this its last stage; fine large

fish perish under the blows of a multitude of fishermen, who pursue their bloody task with most dramatic effect. The sight of the poor creatures, some of them wounded and half dead, trying in vain to struggle with their ferocious assailants, is very painful to endure. The sea, red with blood, long preserves traces of this frightful carnage.

The flesh of the tunny is much esteemed, being firm and wholesome. It is called the salmon of Provence. "For our part," says M. Piquier, "we put it far above the salmon."

Nothing is comparable to the fresh tunny thrown into a hot frying-pan, and sprinkled with vinegar and salt. When properly cooked, nothing can be more firm or savory. In short, nothing of the kind can rival, or even be compared, with the tunny, as we find it at Marseilles and Cete." The tunny is greatly celebrated among the Greeks and other inhabitants on the shores of the Mediterranean, of the Propontus, and the Black Sea.

of the conservatory where she was standing. "But after all, it's better as it is. Of course he'll get tired—a man! Bah, the idea of being loved by such a hackneyed heart as his! But where will one find a better or as good, for he's worth more than any other of his kind, that's certain."

She sat down on a low seat among the flowers and forgot Thorman, Milly, and all the world but herself. Her face darkened and saddened, as it often did when she was alone, and once she moaned bitterly—

"Oh, my lost youth—oh, my lost youth!"

She leaned her forehead against the glass, and looked up at the clear, moonlit sky—it looked so far off, so cold. There was no comfort for her even in the future—the forever itself seemed only a dreamy sound.

She heard some one enter the conservatory; she was not alone; back to earth she came, flashing at the foolish smile who had interrupted her thoughts, a smile so dazzling that it made him fairly dizzy.

"Come and say pretty things to me," cried she—then looked in his face, and adored carelessly: "oh no, you are one of the dancing set—very well, Mercury, take me among them."

I suppose the fool was dreadfully puzzled, and flattered, and confused, all at once. Mrs. Dormer had a way of upsetting the brains of the midges, and making them feel horribly uncomfortable and out of place; but it was something to be seen talking and dancing with a woman who was the rage, and they admired her the more from the fact that they could no more understand her than they could an Egyptian hieroglyphic, and that her talk was as unintelligible to them as the complaint of a wood-thrush would be to a flock of sparrows.

Thorman went in search of Milly; she was talking to foolish Charley Wyde, who saw her grow inattentive, and deaf, and blind, looked up to see that Thorman was near, and with a groan in his poor little heart took himself out of the way, for fear he should be mercilessly snubbed, as sometimes happened to him since this Milly had changed so.

"Milly," said Thorman, "half our sunshine seems gone; is it wise to let these shadows come between us?"

Her lips quivered, but she knew that he had just left the Creole—the knowledge did not incline her to accept any share of the blame.

"I have not brought them," she answered, trying her best to look cold and quiet, and to speak with indifference.

"No matter who has done it—they are there, and they will make us both very unhappy, if they are not swept away."

A few weeks ago Milly would have been

softened by those words and that tone—now out of her now clear-sightedness, came the thought—

"He talks to me as if I were a child, to be lectured into obedience at his pleasure—I will not endure it."

She did a very foolish and unworthy thing, but painfully natural in her state of mind—she gave a little gift to her fan, and with a coquetry, which only Mrs. Dorner's finished manner could have made graceful, continued—

"I have not complained of being un-
happy! Dear me, where has Charley Wyde
gone? He asked me to dinner."

If there was any habit that girls have which was utterly detestable to Thorman, it was that of nicknaming their male acquaintances—a little bit of bad taste of which Milly was seldom guilty.

"She really has no heart," he thought,
"one can neither reason with her nor ap-
peal to her feelings! Am I always to be
disappointed and grieved—is there no rest
for me anywhere?"

"I promised him this walk," pursued
Milly, arranging her bracelet, "how rude
he will think me! Which way did Charley
Wyde go, Mr. Thorman?"

"Perhaps you would like me to tell him?"
suggested he, coldly.

"Glad to get away," thought Milly; "I'd
not let him see I feel it—I would die first—
die—die!"

Milly clasped her fan tightly—it was a
relief to have at least something—but she
had learned out of the experience of the
past weeks, when a tolerance appeared.

"If you will be so good," said she, smil-
ing; "the room is cold when one sits still,
and I promised him this walk so faithfully
—oh, long ago—yesterday morning at the
concert."

Walter Thorman stared at this new
Milly, who confronted him with those
guarded eyes and that icy smile, and had
found such innocent meaning for her voice.
He was at a loss what to do or say under the
circumstance—but just then up came silly
Charley, to remind her of her pledge—very
nervous he was about it, for fear she should
refuse him and make him feel baft before
Walter Thorman, whom he hated with all a
boy's passion, but unable to lose the chance
of being happy for a few moments.

"Will you—have you forgotten?" he
stammered, quite losing the ease of manner
for which our New York youth are so
famous, and which sometimes makes one in
connection with pink shirts and suspicious
of moustaches, as ludicrously as it would be
to have a lamb growl.

"Oh, I never forget," returned Milly,
with a little laugh. Up she rose with a flitter,
sweeping out her skirt, and speaking
easier than was agreeable, took the arm
which Charley offered, trembling with de-
light and the added pleasure of taking her
away from that man, and Milly smiled de-
fiantly at Thorman, and floated off.

"Has she neither heart nor head?" thought
Walter Thorman. "Not even good manners!
Well, well, that I should live to this
age to be a greater fool than I was at twenty!"
Actually to believe in a girl—I deserve
to be punished for my insanity, my idiotic
stupidity."

He fairly ground his teeth and felt inclined
to do a little melodrama, till he remem-
bered where he was, and that it was not
worth while to amuse people by making him
self ridiculous.

He stood still for a few moments, then
took himself quietly out of the room and
went home to smoke many pipes and talk
exceedingly, and recall every unpleasant
thing that had ever happened to him in the
whole course of his life; and when a man
past thirty does that he can speedily reduce
himself into a sufficiently disgusted state of
mind with the world and existence in general
to have satisfied Diogenes himself.

Then he got to this latest disappointment
—this child whom he loved so tenderly,
mixed with so much of the patronizing feel-
ing and unconscious annoyance that were so
exasperating to the creature whose love he
had quickened into new powers of thought
and perception—and he grew more misan-
thropic still. He remembered the girl he
had fancied in his college days, when he was
not much wiser than Charley Wyde was
now; a girl, dead ages since, who living or
dead would have been only a pretty dream
to him; but he was in a mood to fancy other-
wise and to say with Owen Meredith—

"Ah well, the women free from faults,
Have beds beneath the windows."

But after a time the very unreasonableness
of his mood brought a reaction. He caught
sight of Milly's picture lying on the table—the
sweet young face with its faint shadow
of melancholy, like a premonition of a
mournful destiny, which made it different
from other girl-faces, looked up to him like
a reproach for having indulged in all those
old world memories and gone raking the dead
ashes up out of the dead past to sully the
present.

He began to study the picture—to be soft-
ened and encouraged by the beautiful capa-
bilities there were in the countenance, and
at last went to bed, determined to make one
more grand effort to set Milly right, to bring
the sunshine back to her face and secure to
himself peace and repose in her simplicity
and childlikeness.

To set Milly right, that was his thought;
so much he erred in the outset. Ah, we
men and women going out of our youth, the
faded, wasted youth that we have rendered,

distorted and misshapen till we are glad to be rid of it, to bury it deep and get away from the lifelike thing that fills us with remorse such as a wretched might feel in looking on the white face of a friend whom he had murdered—how pretty, how unjust we are toward those who are in the spring-time of feeling, how utterly we refuse to acknowledge that they can feel and comprehend what we know we feel and understand long before we could reason about it, and no have corrective power to help their bewilderment even when we are willing so to do.

Milly, whirling through the walls, saw Thorman depart, and straightway her heart went down, down into the black depths, and she would gladly have given her soul to call him back just for one loving word, one gentle look. Then she hated herself and loathed Charley Wynde, and longed to dash her fan in his face, and still she was whirled on through the dance and preserved a placid smile, for she was not a heroine in a three-volume romance—she was a poor, blind, foolish child with the woman too rudely awakening within her, living a real life and doomed to suffer its pangs, which are so terribly real, so mixed with much that is small, ludicrous and absurd, that they hurt all the more from being divested of half their dignity and weight.

Mrs. Graham saw that Thorman was gone, and before long, feeling a little sleepy and cross—the supper was a failure, so she had her reasons for being misanthropic as well as any lover of them all—she insisted on taking Milly home, and when they were shut up in the carriage Mrs. Graham fell to fault-finding, and Milly was flippant, and between them they made matters worse.

She had suspicions that things were not going quite smoothly between the engaged pair, and though she knew nothing, was inclined to blame Milly. She had already given her divers hearty scoldings for her peevishness and variable temper, which had produced the effect lectures delivered at the wrong time invariably do upon people, and always have since the old days when Adam lectured Cain for indulging in a very unnatural and unworthy hatred of that disagreeable model of goodness, young Master Abel.

When they reached home, Mrs. Graham found awaiting her one of those most unpleasant results of this rapid age—a telegram. She would be obliged to go to Baltimore on some tiresome business, and to start without delay. So she went to bed sooner than ever, as was pardonable I am sure.

The next day she started on her trip, taking Maud with her, having decided to remain a week and visit an old friend—she might as well get a little good, if possible, out of the bore and unpleasantry. But Milly could not be expected to stay shut up in the house during her absence, so she sent a note and asked silly, good-natured Mrs. Wallace to play chaperon for Milly's benefit, knowing very well that Hortense would be too busy with her elegies, her hospitals and her learned blue parties to remember Milly, and that Adelaide Ramsay was altogether too selfish and ill-natured even to make a pretence of promising to do so.

Hate is a spiteful jade, there is not the slightest doubt; when she wants completely to upset any little scheme of happiness we have on foot, she invariably arranges the most common-place incidents so as to help her black designs, and she was no better natured to Milly than she has proved to each of us in our time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Paul Andrews chose that very week to give one of his delightful dinners, and Mrs. Wallace was invited. He implored her to bring Milly, for he had a deep-seated spite against Thorman, and he knew nothing would vex him more than for the girl to accept the invitation.

You must remember Paul Andrews; he shot himself not long since, and as far as this world was concerned, it was the only wise thing he had done in years. He was as bad and thoroughly blasé—the word has become so English that you can excuse it—as a man could well be. His wife had been a gay, reckless creature—I dare say he ill-treated her—at all events, something drove her quite mad, and she ran off to Europe with a fellow a shade worse than her husband.

That is a very improper story, told in a few words as I could manage. Andrews got a divorce, but the affair had hurt him exceedingly—would have ruined him utterly, had it not been for his family and his money. He had come back to New York to live, and besides his dreadfully disreputable and delightful masculine suppers, where there were much pun and high play, he would give dinner parties whereat he persuaded some one of his feminine relatives to preside, and many people would go—those people so insane after amusement, or so rockeys, they would rush into the mouth of purgatory in search of that or a brief forgetfulness.

The dinners certainly were charming, and Paul was an angel of a host, however much of a devil he might have been in his private capacity as a man, but I used to think I would rather see a sister or wife of mine dead than sitting at his table, looked at as he looked at all pretty women, and listening to the conversation that went on there, witty and brilliant as it was.

Mrs. Wallace was a sort of cousin of Paul's, a widow, rich and free to go where she pleased, and having known Paul in his young days when there was probably some good in him, she was ready to believe that he had been much injured and maligned, and that very likely he was no worse than other men, only he was not hypocrite enough to cover up his failings so carefully as they did, and keep the varnish of reputation without a crack.

She entered readily enough into Paul's scheme, the more so perhaps, because he knew that even the best-natured people work better for a reward, promised her, if she consented, a wonderful *romance* cabinet, on which she had long set her heart. It seemed to Mrs. Wallace the most delightful thing in the world to induce Milly to do something of which all her friends would disapprove—"a regular lark," she called it to Andrews, and set herself to work to bring it about, for she had always envied Paul that marvellous cabinet, and he had been herebefore deaf to her entreaties and plans for getting possession of it.

But she failed utterly; Milly would not hear of the thing, and at last grew very indignant, and Mrs. Wallace could have cried with vexation; she did hate to be thwarted—and the cabinet was such a beauty.

"You're a foolish little kitten," said she.

"Why, the Conways go, and Mrs. Dexter and Helen Taylor—dear me, you need not be so particular—poor dear Paul! Why, for that matter, I met Walter Thorman there

not long ago, and that widow woman with the gray eyes—how she does flirt!"

Milly felt the fire in her heart burn up with new fury, but she would not no questions. Mrs. Wallace did not explain that it was only in the person she met Thorman there, when Milly had nothing to do with his proceedings. Like other people, she accepted the engagement, and let Milly think she had been there with Madame Wallace.

As for Louie herself, she would have visited Boston if he had kept house within reach and she had thought proper, and moreover would have made people submit to it. But the truth was, she had not really known Paul Andrews when she accepted his invitation. She had been forced to be cruel to him a year before when he came to Louisville, where she was residing, and had tried to be civil by way of making amends, but for some time past they had not even been on speaking terms.

Mrs. Wallace pleaded as long as she dared, but Milly was firm, though it had flashed through her mind that it would be a fitting punishment to Walter for her to go, and coolly told him that if it was proper for him and Mrs. Dorner, she had concluded there could be no objection to her going also. But that was only a passing thought; consent she would not, and she reproached Mrs. Wallace for urging her.

"You know my aunt would not permit it. I think you do very wrong to propose taking me to a place of which she would not approve."

"Oh, Miss Graham always was terribly straight-laced," returned free and easy Mrs. Wallace, not in the least offended. "I thought you had more fun in you, and would like to go, just because you ought not. Poor Paul; he's not so black as he's painted, after all! People don't always get their deserts in this world; if they did, I'm afraid that wild-eyed Mrs. Dorner, Walter Thorman fits so with, would be out of the pale more than Andrews is."

Milly listened eagerly, yet having the grace to blush at her own unwomanliness in being willing to hear the slanders Mrs. Wallace poured forth without the slightest scruple. Not that she disliked the widow, or believed half the things she was repeating; but she was an inveterate gossip from sheer idleness, and such a woman does a great deal more harm than your downright malicious scoundrel—moreover, she was so vexed at losing the cabinet that it was a relief to abuse somebody!

"I vow Walter Thorman shouldn't go on," she added. "You needn't purse up your mouth, Miss Pass; your aunt as good as told me you were engaged, the morning she went away. I'd bring him to terms if I were you! I was glad to see you flirt with Charley Wynde the other night. I think it touched my Lord Walter."

Milly felt bitterly glad—yes, wickedly glad—with that horrible realization we have at the success of a plan which wounds what we love, while it stings our own souls. He should feel, feel to the core of his heart, that she was not a baby to be punished and sent into a corner. So people noticed his conduct—oh, she would beat him at his own game!

And there Mrs. Wallace sat, inventing things, giving a significance to speeches that was never meant, yet not intending to do any real harm—only stirring Milly up, as she would have expressed it, for her own amusement, by way of a little amends for the disappointment of being forced to tell Paul that she had failed in their scheme.

"Well, Milly, I shall say no more," she exclaimed, at last. "Put up with Thorman's conduct, if you choose—meekness is interesting—but thank Heaven, I have a will of my own! Why, when I was your age, I would have done anything for an evening's sport! Your aunt would never know it; but let the master go—do as you please. I stand by Paul Andrews; I always shall! When a man begins to go down in the world, there is some merit in keeping to your friendship.

She let fly a few more shafts at Thorman and Mrs. Dorner, and went her way. But in spite of Milly's determination—stupid obstinacy, she called it—she said to Andrews:

"Keep a place at table—I shouldn't wonder, after all, if I brought her at the last moment."

All the things that had been said rankled in Milly's mind, and made her more angry with Thorman—but the idea of going to the dinner did not in the least possess her.

It was the very day of the party; Mrs. Wallace had given up her lingering hope, and Paul Andrews had resigned himself to being unable to spite the man he detested, and to endure the smart which the most hardened animal does when perceiving that some innocent creature shrinks from him.

Milly wanted to see Thorman; a change had come over her; had he appeared at that moment, she would have forgotten his sins and been remorseful over her own errors and short-comings. She wrote a little note to him, and gave a servant directions to take it to his hotel.

Now Caesar inherited a full share of the indolence so bounteously bestowed upon the children of Ethiopia; he felt no desire for a walk that day, so he gave the note to a coffee-colored friend of his, who had dropped in to pay him a visit, and who must pass Thorman's lodgings on his way home. Fascinating Hannibal would have left the dainty-looking billet as he promised, but he was beguiled into seeing a salmon-colored lady of his acquaintance, whom he chanced to meet, safe to her dwelling, and the note remained forgotten in his coat-pocket.

Milly waited and waited—the day was passing; no answer—no message. She rang the bell to inquire if her letter had been taken at once. The girl went to ask Caesar, and came back with the positive assurance that it had been attended to without any delay.

Still Thorman did not make his appearance; Milly had leisure to pass through a thousand changes of feeling. She cried with disappointment; she grew angry; she excused him only to blame him the more a moment later; then she cried again, and after those last tears, felt harder and more resentful than ever. If he had ever answered her note, offering any excuse whatever for his refusal of her request; but to be treated with this complete indifference was too much for Milly to bear.

It was quite late in the day when Mrs. Wallace's carriage stopped at the door, and the servant came up with a message. Would she go and drive?—if so, make haste down.

Milly did not wait to think that she was in no mood to endure anybody's society; she threw on her opera cloak and hat and ran down stairs.

"Actually here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace. "Milly, you are an angel not to have kept me waiting."

Milly laughed discordantly; the color came back to her cheeks; she stepped into the carriage, and off they drove. Mrs. Wallace talked about the dinner—regretted that she could not have Milly with her—but the girl was too busy with her own thoughts to pay much attention to the remarks or her own answers. They took a few turns about the park; then Mrs. Wallace complained of feeling chilly, and they drove back through the avenue.

"I want to stop at Mrs. Lindsay's a moment," Mrs. Wallace said. "I'll not make a lifetime—it was all like a bad dream to her. The noise, the laughter, the quantity of wine the men drank—the carelessness of the women—all insupportable.

When at last they rose, she got near Mrs. Wallace and begged to be allowed to go home, but her friend would not listen to it, and Paul Andrews happened to hear the request said in an injured way.

"I am sorry you so soon repeat having honored my house with your presence, Miss Crofton."

Of course she had to try to set matters right, but succeeded only indifferently.

"I am too stupid even to be polite," she said at last, beginning to laugh for fear she should cry.

"Come let me show you a Correggio in the library," he said, offering her his arm, and she was obliged to go with him, thinking Mrs. Wallace would follow. She did not, and Andrews stood talking with her a few seconds about the picture, then he said—

"I must go back to those tiresome people; stay here till you are rested, Miss Crofton."

He went out of the room; and Milly, glad to be alone, sat down by the table and leaned her aching head on her hand. She was aroused by the opening of a door—not the one by which they had entered—a door that led to some apartments at the back of the house. She saw a man approaching her, and looked up wonderingly, for she could not recollect having seen his face among the guests, nor was he dressed in evening costume.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Crofton," he said, in a low, silky voice, that struck unpleasantly on her ear, in spite of its melodious sweetness. "I was unable to appear at dinner, and my friend Andrews promised that I should have an opportunity to speak to you for a moment."

Milly looked at him in wonder; she could not well feel terror, with the people she had left only across the hall.

"To speak with me!" she repeated, shrinking instinctively from the handsome, dissipated face and the wicked black eyes turned upon her. "I do not know you, sir, or what you have to say to me."

"A few words will tell that," he replied, laughing a little. "You are engaged to Walter Thorman."

Milly rose, in anger, and interrupted him.

"If it were true, I do not choose to discuss my private affairs with a stranger," said she.

"I think you will be glad to listen," he answered, quietly. "I know that you are engaged; but I know, too, that Leonie Dorner sees him oftener than you do."

Milly stood white and breathless, listening eagerly enough now.

"No matter what my reasons are for warning you," he went on; "I do so, and I choose to give you a spell that shall render that woman powerless to harm you. As for the man—well, girl-like, you will not believe till you find him out for yourself."

Milly's trembling lips tried to frame a question, but were mute.

"Look here," he said, lifting his hand. Milly saw Leonie Dorner's emerald flashing on it. "The first time she annoys you, say to her, before Thorman, or who you will, that Philip Yates, you know, has guarded her gift carefully, for you saw it on his hand—remember that."

He passed out of the room without another word, leaving Milly stupefied with astonishment. Presently she began to be afraid at the solitude of the separate apartment, and hurried out, never stopping till she was at Mrs. Wallace's side, once more insisting that she must and would go home.

"Why, nobody will go these two hours," said her silly adviser.

"You needn't go—the carriage is here; only let them take me," pleaded Milly; "I can't stay—I'm ill."

She looked so in truth—and Mrs. Wallace began to grow a little frightened and anxious to be rid of any responsibility. The carriage was ordered—somebody, Milly never knew who, took her out; and Andrews said to his cousin—

"It's a dead loss! I hope your house will burn up the night you get the cabinet! Still, I think I have settled Walter Thorman and the widow."

Mrs. Wallace was curious to know what he meant, but he would give no explanation, and she soon forgot her wish in the pleasing excitement of what.

The instant Milly reached home she rushed upstairs and flung herself on her bed, unable to support herself a moment longer. All she had gained by the step, which in her fury was to be so great a triumph over Thorman, was that intense pain in her head and that intolerable fear of her adventure being discovered. She had not even had the excitement which supports young women in novels when guilty of some outrageous freak; there had been no pleasure, no success; she had not had a sort of drawing-room meteor to Paul Andrews and his guests; she had sat among them pale and stupid as an overgrown school-girl suffering from shyness and too much plum cake.

Vernily, Milly's first taste of stolen fruits had not been sweet; the apples of Sodom had turned to ashes on her lips before she could so much as get a single taste of their fabled lascivious sweetness.

There she lay on her bed and shook and shivered, and could only get warm as she remembered Paul Andrew's false smile, or the echo of some of those horrid jests haunted her—then she seemed burning up with sudden shame, and fairly wished the floor might open, let her away down into the dark, and hide her forever from her fear and humiliation.

When that crisis passed she could remember the mysterious warning the stranger had spoken, and feel her wrath toward Mrs. Dorner and her desire to be revenged sweep so violently over her soul, that it was fairly like a spasm of insanity.

"I am glad I went," she cried in a quick reaction of sentiment; "glad, glad! Now I know that he is false—oh, I knew it before, only I lied to myself and would not believe—fool, miserable little fool! But she shall feel—if there is any capability of feeling in her! I'm not likely to forget his words—he needn't have been afraid! I wish it was day—I wish I stood face to face with them both! Oh, I shall go mad, mad!"

So Milly battled with her demons, and yielded to the fierce whispers of her jealousy and her rage, till when day came, it

seemed as if weeks had been spent in that vigil, the pale, girlish face looked so worn and worn with misery and passion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1872.

THREE.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

CLUB subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$3.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$3.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE Poet and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE Poet will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable
Novel called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we
shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large
extra edition of the papers containing the
early chapters of the story shall be ex-
hausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,
IN ADDITION to the regular weekly num-
bers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the
names of all NEW subscribers for
1871 will be entered on our list the very
week they are received.

Of course those who send in their
names early, will receive the whole
number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra pa-
pers to supply all comers UP TO JANU-
ARY—but it will be most prudent not to
delay in sending our subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscrib-
ers, single or in clubs. See our low
Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50.
2 copies, \$4.00
4 " 6.00
5 " (and one extra) 8.00
8 " (and one extra) 12.00
11 " (and one extra) 16.00
14 " (and one extra) 20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of

THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive
the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5
and over both the Premium Engraving and an
extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD sub-
scribers will reap the benefit of the increased
circulation which it brings us, in the im-
provement of our paper, and the ease of
getting up their clubs—**And it is** thus to their interest, as we
hope it is to their kindly
feeling, to speak a good word
for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM EN-
GRAVING for next year is a beau-
tiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It
is engraved on steel, by the celebrated
English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of
the three or four best engravers in the
world—after a painting by the renowned
artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater conve-
nience in framing) but is a superior en-
graving to any heretofore issued by us,
being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking
the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The
Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at
Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his
Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours,"
if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium
(postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber,
and also to every person sending on a club.

Club Subscribers who wish the Pre-
mium Engraving must send one dollar extra.
To those who are not subscribers we will
furnish it for two dollars.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advan-
tage of the above liberal offers, make
up a Club of four or more NEW sub-
scribers? To the getter-up of every
Club we send our beautiful new
Premium Engraving "**The Sisters.**"
(or either of our other Premium En-
gravings); and to the getter up of a
Club of five or over, an extra copy of
THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND)
besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new
subscribers, the latter should have the
word "new" written opposite their
names. The subscriptions should be
sent on as soon as obtained (even when
the lists, if large, are not full), in order
that the forwarding of the paper
to the new subscribers may not be
delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.
TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in
clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who
send on their subscriptions by the
first of November, shall receive the
November and December numbers of
the present year in addition—making
14 months in all! And those sending
their names by the first of Decem-
ber, shall receive the magnificent De-
cember Holiday number, making
thirteen months in all!

A MESSAGE.

"After the battle of Fossato a French officer of
Guerre was found dead, with a letter, which we
copy, transcribed in his hand."—John Bell, Sept. 2.

It was only a crumpled letter,
In a careworn, girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed, southern land.
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
But a message to the dead!

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But I think innocently,
As I miss your morning blessing,
What your sufferings must be!"
So she wrote, and so he held it,
With a blessing on her head,—
When the token of the living
Was a message to the dead!

"I'm so good, dear—oh, so steady—
You would wish me to be so;
If I'm quiet half your dangers
Dear mamma need never know.
So, good-by, papa! God bless you!
Guard and keep your evermore:
See! I send you fifty kisses
From an ever-ready store!"

It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were soothed
In his own land far away.
It was only a loving message
From a loving child that sped,
But the words the living penneiled
Were a message to the dead!

Take it not then from his fingers,—
Lay it with him in the grave,—
If it be a consolation,
'Tis thine to have.
For I think the bullet rescued him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas no message to the dead!

The Lovers of Bologna.

The traveller who now visits the thriving
city of Bologna, with its wide thorough-
fares and rich colonnades, could scarcely
picture to himself the Bologna of the thir-
teenth century. The patriotic, intelligent,
and industrious inhabitants still cherish the
recollection of that independence for which
their ancestors struggled, and still cling to
their old motto of "Libertas." But as we
stand in that ancient city, in the fertile plain
at the foot of the Apennines, we are re-
minded of the words of the great English
historian of the middle ages, who tells us
that, in the Italian republics, "a splendid
temple may seem to have been erected to
liberty; but, as we approach, the serpents
of faction him around her altar, and the form
of tyranny sits among the distant shadows
behind the shrine."

The Giacomo de' Giacomo, 1273, had for years been
at the head of the Guelph or Church party in
Bologna. They could trace their descent
from Duke Sergio, through Giacomo, Count of
Ghiassolo, who lived in 1021, in the ter-
ritory of Forlìmpoli, and Giovanni di
Ramberto de' Giacomo, who, in 1153, was
admitted to the office of podesta of Bo-
logna.

In electing this last-named noble to be their
criminal judge and preserver of their peace,
the citizens could not foresee the misery which
his descendants, at the head of the most
powerful faction, could bring upon their
people more than a hundred years after-
wards. The Lambertazzi were the leaders
of the Ghibelline or Imperial party, and were
sprung from Pietro, Duke and Marquis. At
the time of which we write, these nobles
were allowed no prominent part in the ad-
ministration of the republic. Yet, notwithstanding
that hatred of the nobility which
characterized all the free towns of the thir-
teenth century, and notwithstanding the
especially democratic spirit which mani-
fested itself earliest in Bologna, the Giacomo
and the Lambertazzi maintained their
influence over their respective factions.

The members of both families sat in the
same councils, and the republic had hitherto
succeeded in containing them within the
limits of the same walls, and in repressing
the hatred which they showed to one another
on every occasion.

Imelda was the daughter of Orlando
Lambertazzi, and was very beautiful. Her
dark eyes and pensive countenance had cap-
tivated Bonifacio, the son of Giacomo de'
Giacomo; and she loved the young man
passionately. The manner in which they
became acquainted is not related by the his-
torians of their country. From her earliest
childhood she must have heard her own
people converse constantly upon the plots
and deeds of the great Guelph family. The
renowned preacher had passed away from
Bologna, but she would have been told of
Fra Giovan's attempts to reconcile the rival
factions; and with her feminine piety and
youthful zeal—overset doubtless by the
teaching of those mendicant friars whose
orders were, in her time, free from the cor-
ruptions which they showed in after ages—
she may have cherished the thought that by
her means peace would be established be-
tween her father and the Giacomo. She
must have seen Bonifacio at the public pro-
cessions in which their families took part.
Perhaps, as wondering children, they had,
eight years previously, looked at each other
from opposite sides of the square, when four
thousand citizens left to join the Crusade;
or they may have met later—at the foun-
dation of the church of San Giacomo; or at
the burial of King Hensius, who had been
killed at Fossato. Their love increased
with their years. Their parents could not
have suspected the passion entertained by
the children, as they would have considered
it impossible that the old animosity did not
live in the breast of every man, woman, or
child of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. But the
handsome Bonifacio forgot the mutual
hatred of their houses, and was prepared to
run any risk for one glance from the bright
eyes of Imelda Lambertazzi.

Their affection blinded them to the con-
sequences of a discovery of their clandestine
meetings; and Imelda one day consented to
receive her lover in her father's house.
Bonifacio, unarmed, followed her footstep to
her apartment. All the lady's attendants being
absent, the lovers thought themselves
secure from intrusion; and, perhaps, con-
versed of plans for the reconciliation of their
parents, and hopes of a bright future.
Whilst they were thus happy in the belief
that they were concealed from all eyes, a spy
had detected them. This man was one of a
number such as the Lambertazzi would
always retain in their employ to watch the

movements of the Giacomo, and would be
trained in such a service to hate the latter
as his bitterest foes. The brothers of the
lady were encamped in the house of the
Giacomo, and the fierce adherents of the
Ghibellines lost no time in carrying to them
the tidings of their sister's frailty. Imilda
and Bonifacio must have heard the Lam-
bertazzi approaching, heated with wine, cursing
their sister's treachery, and threatening
death to the heir of Giacomo.

Now had the Ghibellines, after having been
defeated in many hard fights, the opportunity
of paying off the old score. When,
in that moment, there flashed upon them
the recollection of the slaughter at Fossato,
the long captivity of Hensius, and the frustra-
ted plans for the escape of the Ghibelline
leader, who now slept free from party strife
in the church of St. Dominic, it was sweet
to know that at last the Guelph was in their
power. It was the work of an instant for
Bonifacio to urge Imilda to seek refuge in flight.
Handily had she obeyed when her
brothers rushed furiously into the apart-
ment, and behold their enemy. The Lam-
bertazzi, who had been soldiers of the Cross,
had learnt well from the Saracens the use
of the poisoned dagger, which the fanati-
cal followers of the Old Man of the Moun-
tain used as their sole weapon. One of
them struck Bonifacio in the breast, and
making one large frightful wound, plunged
the dagger to his heart. Then they dragged
the body to a deserted courtyard, not far
from the room, and hid it in a drain by cov-
ering it with rubbish. Soborness and dis-
cretion returned with the completion of their
terrible work. They consulted their own
safety, considering that the officers of the
podesta, or the friends of their victim, would
be equally dangerous to them; so they hastened
from the city.

Imilda, from her hiding place, heard no
cry. The deed was done too suddenly for
altercation. The fatal blow was given too
quickly for her to hear her lover's voice.
Trembling she listened for a sign of some
strange. Bonifacio was strong and might
resist. But then she remembered he was
unarmed. The silence was at length broken.
She heard footsteps passing slowly, heavily.
Then they were gone. Could she venture
to come from her place of concealment?
It were better, perhaps, to wait a moment
longer. But they returned more hurriedly
than before. What could have been done?

A murmuring sound reached her ears, and
she caught the words "pursuit," "Giacomo."
The voices grew fainter and fainter, and all
was again silent.

Then she came from her asylum. She
looked around, and saw no one. Quickly
she rushed to her room, calling upon him
who could never again answer her. The
apartment was deserted, but the blood upon
the floor told her that there was but little
hope. She did not swoon. She would seek
her Bonifacio even through the city—even
at the gate of the great Guelph house, the
home whither he might have dragged him-
self. She would heal his wounds, or, at
least, would be with him should he die. But
the crimson stream went beyond her room,
and into the corridor. She followed
the drops of blood on still farther, and then
came to the place of her lover's hasty burial.
She dashed away the rubbish with which he
was covered. His body was still warm. The
blood still issued from the great wound.
She had heard three years earlier how Ed-
ward of England had been saved; and she
had listened with admiration to the Crusader
who had returned to the city, and who had
told the story of the devotion of the
tender Elinor. Could she, by sucking
the venom from this wound, restore her
Bonifacio? This was the only treatment
which left her some hope. She threw herself
on his body, and sucked the poisoned
blood from his breast. Her efforts were un-
availing, and she grew weaker. The large
eyes no longer kept back their tears. As the
venom was communicated to her veins, she
gave full vent to her grief for her lost
darling. And when her women came to
seek her, they found her lifeless; and saw
that in her dying moments she had folded
about her the arms of him whom she had
loved so well.

Thus ended one act of the tragedy in the
death of these unfortunate lovers, the fair
and lovely Imilda Lambertazzi, and the
brave and noble youth Bonifacio, the son of
Giacomo de' Giacomo, chief of the great
Guelph party or faction in Bologna. There is
no reason to doubt the historical accuracy
of the narrative of these Bolognese lovers
which we have here placed before our readers.
The history of their love and their tragic
fate forms one of the most picturesque
scenes recorded in the archives of the beau-
tiful city in which they dwelt—united by
the hostility which arrayed their respective
houses one against the other in rivalry and
hate, which nothing less than the ruin of the
fair city of Bologna could finally quench.

The rest of the story may be briefly told.
These "poor sacrifices to the enemy" of
the two houses did not abate the hatred of
the Giacomo and the Lambertazzi, who
could no longer be restrained by law. They
both allied themselves with people who had
hitherto been the enemies of their country.
The Giacomo united themselves to the Mo-
derne, whilst their opponents sought the
help of the inhabitants of Faenza and Forlì.
Both factions tried to make the citizens
adopt their enemies of their alliances; and
the Giacomo, as a signal of a speedy expedi-
tion against the towns of Romagna, took a
triumphant chariot to the public square of
Bologna, and then the Lambertazzi attacked them.
On this square, or round about the
fortified palaces of the chiefs of the two
parties, the fighting continued without
cessation for forty days. Torrents of blood ran
in the city, and by degrees the friends of the
murdered Bonifacio made themselves masters
of all the fortresses of the Lambertazzi.
Never in any civil war was the abuse of victory
carried farther. The Giacomo drove
from Bologna all the Ghibelline party; they
pillaged their houses, which they laid even
with the ground. Thus was the "sourc'e
laid upon the hate" of the rival factions.

This page of the history of Bologna is
closed. Twelve thousand Ghibellines died for
refuge to the town of Romagna, and looked
back upon their ruined towers, fallen through
the fatal love of Imilda Lambertazzi.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—Those who
imagine that the French Revolution origi-
nated among the lower orders, grossly de-
ceive themselves. Ideas always come from
above. It was not the people who made the
Revolution—it was the nobility, the clergy,
and the thinking portion of the nation. Su-
perstitions sometimes have their birth
among the people,—philosophies are born
only amongst the heads of society.—Lam-
bertazzi.

Influence of War Upon the Weather.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FACTS.

The following article is by the correspon-
ding of the New York Evening Post, writ-
ing from Frankfort-on-the-Main:

Since the commencement of actual hostili-
ties between Germany and France, that is,
from about the first week in August to the
present time, we have had in this part of
Germany scarcely a day without rain, gener-
ally continuous, and often accompanied with
thunder storms. This phenomenon has
called the attention of the German press to
the subject, and some valuable historical
facts connected therewith have been brought
to light; and there appears to be little doubt,
judging from the data on hand, that the
many storms and rains which we have had
in Germany for the past six weeks—a most
unusual thing at this season here—have been
brought on by the cannonading and firing of
small arms in Alsace and Lorraine.

The *Ungarische Lloyd*, in an interesting
article, says that the history of the wars of
the last eighty years are full of accounts of
the great meteorological changes which have
followed violent engagements in war. In the
history of the 1790 invasion of the allied
German army in France we are told how
great were the difficulties which met both
parties. On the clay soil of Champagne un-
commonly violent rain storms hindered the
draggling on of the guns and ammunition,
which had to be left by the withdrawing
German army. In the battles of 1813–1815
the weather was always one of the most impor-
tant factors. In the battle of Katsbach,
it is reported that great numbers of the
French lost their lives in this little Silesian
mountain stream, swollen by the rains that
had just fallen; that by Dresden the con-
tinuous rains and consequently bad roads
hindered the operations of the allies, and
almost every child knew, from Victor
Hugo's story, that it rained heavily at Waterloo;
the roads had been rendered almost im-
passable, and the Prussians, in spite of all
exertions, was too long in coming up.

The Germans bring to mind some very in-
teresting American experiences. In 1861
Lewis called attention in *Sullivan's Ameri-
can Journal* to the fact that violent rains and
heavy cannonading appeared to stand in in-
timate connection. He said (I quote the
German): "In October, 1860, I observed a
very plentiful rain immediately after the
cannonading which took place in celebrating
the connecting of Lake Erie with the Hudson.
I published my observations on this event in
the year 1841, expressing the opinion that
the firing of heavy guns produces rain in
the neighborhood. After the first battle in
the last war between France, Sardinia and
Austria, there followed such important rains
that even small rivers were impassable, and
during the great battle of Solferino there
broke out such a violent storm that the
fighting was interrupted. In July, 1861,
McClintic's troops on the upper Potowmack
had four separate engagements on four days,
and before the close of each violent rains
fell. On the 21st of July Bull Run was
fought in Virginia, and on the 22d rain fell
the whole day till late at night." Under the
heading, "Can we produce rain when and

perpetually, yet shamed by him as far as it was possible for him to do so without attracting too much the observation of others; there were times when she felt as though her position at the Hall were killing her. Flaming, in fact, was killing her. Her state of mind was a mixture of despair, shame, and self-reproach. Captain Bohun's conduct brought to her the bitterest humiliation. Looking back on the past, she thought he deserved her for her ready acquiescence in that wish of his for a private marriage; and the self-reproach, the humiliation it entailed on her was of all things the hardest to bear. She almost felt that she could die of the memory—just as other poor creatures, whose sex has been different, have died of their shame. To her mistaken vision, it seemed as though the wrong deed she had consented to—the secret marriage—were quite as much of a shame if not of a sin. The view presented perpetually to her mind was, that Captain Bohun so regarded it; and had nothing for her but scorn. This was the thought that tried her, that embittered her peace by night and by day; it was doing her more harm than all the rest. Her cheeks would redder, her fingers singe with shame as she recalled that foul letter she had written to him from Easton, when even then, though she did not know it, he had given her up. To one so sensitively organised as Ellen Adair, reared in all the grace of reticence and refined feeling, this compelled mornings at Dally Hall could indeed be nothing less than a fiery ordeal, from which there might be no escape to former health and strength.

Very still she sat to-day, nursing her pain. Her face was wan, her breathing short; that pale cold she had caught seemed to hang by her strangely. No further news had been received from Mr. Adair, and Ellen supposed he was on his way home. After to-day, her position would not be quite so trying, for Arthur Bohun was quitting Dally. Sir Nash had decided that he was strong enough now to travel, and they were to depart together at two o'clock. It was past twelve now. And the sunshines of Ellen Adair's life had gone out. Never, as she believed, would a gleam come into it again.

In spite of the commotion beyond the walls of the Hall, now increasing daily and hourly to a climax, in spite of Madam's never-ceasing personal exertions to urge it on, and so crush Oliver Rane, no word of the dreadful accusation had as yet transpired within its chief inmates. Mr. North, his daughter Matilda, Ellen Adair, Sir Nash Bohun, and Arthur were all alike in ignorance. The servants of course knew of it, going out to Dally, as they often did; but Madam had issued her sharp order to them to hold their tongues; and Richard had begged them not to speak of it for their master's sake. As to Sir Nash and Arthur Bohun, Richard was only too glad that they should depart without hearing the scandal.

He himself was doing all he could to stop proceedings and allay excitement. Since the night of his interview with Jolley, Mr. Seeley and Dr. Rane, Richard had devoted his best energies to the work of peace. He did not venture to see any official person, the coroner excepted, or impress his views on the magistrates; but he went about amid the populace, and poured oil on the troubled waters. For my father's sake, do not press this on me, said to them; let my sister's grave rest. Just like Dick North, quoth they one to another, he was always for peace. In effect he said the same to the coroner; begging of him, if possible, to stop it; and he implied to all, though not absolutely asserting it, that Dr. Rane could not be guilty. So that Ellen Adair sitting there, had not this knowledge to give her additional trouble.

A little blue leaf—as it looked—suddenly caught her eye, peeping up from a mossy and tangled green nook at the foot of the rocks. She rose, and stooped to see. It was a winter violet. Plucking it, she sat down again, and fell into thought.

For it had brought vividly before her memory that long-past day, when she had played out her play of violets in the garden of Mrs. Cumberland. Est-a-qu'il m'aime? Oui—Non-hu-peu. Beaupoil. Pas du tout. Passionnement, il m'aime passionnement. False angus, those flowers had been! Delightful blossoms which had combined to mock and sting her. The contrast between that time and this brought to Ellen Adair a whole flood-tide of intense misery. And those foolish violets were hidden away still! Should she carry this in-doors and add it to them?

By-and-by she began to walk towards the house. Turning a corner presently, she was brought suddenly into the midst of three excited people—Captain Bohun, Miss Dally, and Matilda North. The two former had met accidentally in the walk. Miss Dally's morning errand at the Hall was to say good-bye to Sir Nash—and before they had well exchanged greetings, Matilda bore down upon them in a state of agitation—calling wildly to Arthur to stay and hear the tidings she had just heard.

The tidings were those that had been so marvelously long kept from her and from others at the Hall—the accusation of Dr. Rane. Matilda North had just learnt them in an accidental manner; in her horror and surprise, she had run after her half-brother Arthur, to repeat the story. Ellen Adair found her talking in wild excitement. Arthur, rather yellow still, was turning to a pale straw-color as he listened. Mary Dally, to whom it was no news, had covered up her face.

But, if Arthur Bohun and Matilda North were strong enough to bear it without any very palpable effect, Ellen Adair was not. As she drank in the meaning of the dreadful words—that Bessy had been murdered—a deadly sickness seized upon her heart; and she had only time to sit down on a garden bench before she fainted away.

You should not have told it so abruptly, Matilda, cried Arthur, almost passionately. It has made me feel ill. Get some water; you'll go quicker than I should."

Alarmed at Ellen's state, and eager to be of service, both Matilda and Miss Dally ran in search of the water. Arthur Bohun sat down on the bench to support her. His pain in his was to lie that way, and hers this, the further apart the better; but he could not in humanity—no, nor in love either—walk away now and leave her to recover alone as she best could.

Her head lay on his breast, as he placed it. She was entirely without consciousness; he saw that. His arm encircled her waist; he took one of her little hands between his, to rub it. Thus he sat, gazing down at the pale, thin face so near to his; the face which he—he had helped to rob of its bloom.

Oh, but he loved her still; loved her better than he did all the rest of the world put together! Holding her there to his beating heart, to know it. He knew that he only loved her the more truly for the bitter es-

tremement. His frame was trembling—his pulses were thrilling with the狂喜 of this momentary contact brought him. If he might but embrace her, as of old! Should he? Why not? No human soul, save himself, would ever know it. A strangely irresponsible yearning to touch her lips with his, came into his eyes and heart. Glancing keenly around first, let me say prying eyes should be in ambush, he slightly lifted the pale, sweet face, and bent down his own.

"Oh, my darling! My lost darling!"

Lips, cheeks, and brow, were kissed again and again, with a soft, impassioned tenderness, with a kind of hangry rapture. It was so long since he had touched them! Was he ever going to leave off? A sigh—more a little sound of irrepressible emotion; and he knew not whether it contained more of bliss or agony.

This treatment was quite effective; more so than the water could have been. Ellen drew a deep breath, and stirred uneasily. When she began really to revive, he managed to get his coat off, and laid it across the back and arm of the bench. When Ellen revived to consciousness, she had her head leaning on it; and Captain Bohun stood at a very respectful distance, gingerly chasing one of her bands. Never a suspicion crossed her mind of what he had been doing.

"You are better," he said. "I am so glad."

The words, in his voice, aroused her fully. She lifted her head and opened her eyes, and gazed around her in bewilderment, at first remembering nothing. But what Matilda had said, came suddenly back with a rush.

"Is it true?" she exclaimed, looking pitifully at him. "It never can be true!"

"I don't know," he answered. "If false, it is almost as dreadful to us who hear it. Poor Bessy! I loved her as my very dear sister."

Ellen, exhausted by the fainting fit, her nerves unstrung by the news, burst into a flood of distressing tears. Matilda and Miss Dally, running up with water, wine, and smelling-salts, found her sobbing aloud.

"It is the reaction after the faintness," said Captain Bohun to them in a whisper.

But she soon recovered her equanimity, so far as outward calmness went, without the aid of any of the remedies which she declined. Rising from the bench, she turned towards the house. Her steps tottered a little.

"Do give your arm to support Miss Adair, Captain Bohun," spoke Mary Dally, in a sharp, quick tone—surprised, perhaps, that he did not. And upon that, Captain Bohun went to Ellen's side, and held it out.

"Thank you," she answered, and refused it with a slight movement of the head.

They walked on at first all in a group, as it were. But Matilda and Miss Dally got on ahead—the former talking in a most excited state about Bessy Rane and the miserable accusation in regard to her. Ellen's steps were slower; she could not help it; and Captain Bohun kept by her side.

"May I wish you good-by here, Ellen?" he suddenly asked, stopping towards the end of the shrubbery, through which they had been passing.

"Good-bye," she faintly answered.

He took her hand. That is, he held out his own, and Ellen almost mechanically put hers into it. To have made a to-do by refusing, would have hurt her pride worse than all. He kept it within his, clasping his other hand upon it. For a moment his eyes met hers.

"It may be that we shall never again cross each other's path in life, Ellen. God bless you, my love, and keep you always! I wish to Heaven, for both our sakes, that we had never met!"

"Good-bye," she coldly repeated, as he dropped her hand. And they walked on in silence and gained the lawn, where the two in advance had turned to wait for them.

But this was destined to be an eventful day: to others, at least, if not to them. At the appointed time, Sir Nash Bohun and Arthur took their departure; Richard North, who had paid the baronet the attention of coming home to luncheon—for there was no concourse now as to who was the true host at Dally Hall—seeing them into their carriage.

"You have promised to come and stay with me, Richard," said the baronet, at the last hand-shake.

"Conditionally. When my work shall allow me leisure," answered Richard, laughing.

"Can't you go with us to the station, Dick?" put in Arthur.

"Not to-day, I fear. I must hold an important interview with Madam—something important. If you waited for me, you might lose the train."

Arthur brought his face—one of pain now—close to Dick's.

"Is it money-trouble again, Richard?"

"No; not this time."

"If she brings that on you in future, turn her over to me. Yes, Richard; I must deal with it now."

Farewells were exchanged, and the carriage drove away. Richard, stepping backwards, trod on Miss Dally.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed.

"Have I hurt you? I did not know you were there."

"Of course you have not hurt me: and I had no business to be there. I stood to wave my handkerchief to them. Good-afternoon, Mr. Richard."

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Yes. I am engaged to spend the afternoon and take tea with Mrs. Gass. That luncheon was my dinner. I saw you looking at me as if you thought I eat a great deal."

"Miss Dally!"

She laughed slightly.

"To confess the truth, I don't think I noticed whether you eat anything or not," said Richard. "I have a great deal of trouble on my mind just now—of more kinds than one. Good afternoon."

He would be returning to Dally himself in perhaps a few minutes, but he never said to her "Stay, and I will walk with you."

Miss Dally thought of it as she went away. It had indeed crossed Richard's mind to say so; but he arrested the words as they were about to leave his lips. If she were to be Arthur Bohun's wife, the less Richard saw of her the better.

Inquiring for Madam when he went indoors, he found she was encoined in her boudoir. Richard went up, knocked at the door, and opened it. Madam appeared not to approve of the proceedings; and she bore down on him with a swoop, and would have shut him out.

"What do you want here, Richard North?"

"I am not at liberty. I cannot admit you."

"Pardon me, Madam, I must speak with you for five minutes," he answered, pausing quietly in.

By something he had heard that morning

from Dale, Richard had reason to suppose that Mrs. North was still actually pursuing the charge against Dr. Rane; that is, was urging in high quarters the imperative necessity for an investigation. Richard had come to ask her whether this was the case, and to beg her, once for all, to be still. He sat down awaiting while he put the question.

But Madam acknowledged nothing. In fact, she led him to believe that it was entirely untrue; that she had not stirred in it at all since the instant Richard had given her, not to, some days ago. It was simply impossible for him to know whether what she said might be depended on—for she told more falsehood than truth habitually. Richard could only hope.

"That would be a terrible exposure for us," he urged. "Madam, I beg you; I beg you, for all our sakes, be still. You know not what you would do."

She nodded an ungracious acquiescence, and Richard departed for his works, casually mentioning to Mr. North, as he passed him in the garden, that he should not be home until night. Like Miss Dally, he had intended the mid-day meal to serve for his dinner.

"Dick," cried Mr. North, arresting him, "what's the master with Matilda? She seems to be in a fine commotion over something or other."

Richard knew not what to answer. If his father had to be told, why better that his himself should be the teller. There was still a chance that it might be kept from him.

"Something or other gone wrong, I suppose, sir. Never mind. How well those new borders look!"

"Don't they, Dick? I'm glad I had them put."

And Richard went on to his works.

CHAPTER XLII.

A FINE NIGHT'S WORK.

Night had fallen. And it was not a bright or pleasant one.

Some few stalkers had gathered behind the dwarf hedge, that skirted the piece of waste land near the North Works. An ill-looking lot of men, seen as at present: for they had knelt down so as to bring themselves nearly on a level with the top of the hedge. Their eyes just cleared it, and the view beyond was not interrupted. Poole was in the middle; his face sternly savage, and a pistol in his right hand.

Of all the men who had returned to work, the most obnoxious to the ex-hands was one named Bailey. It was not so much because he had been a turn-coat—that is, after holding out to the eleventh moment, had finally gone back at the twelfth—that the men hated him, as because they believed him to be treacherous. Bailey had been red-hot for the strike; had done more by his agitation than any one man to bring it about. He had resolutely refused all the overtures made by Richard North: and yet—he had gone back when the works were finally re-opened. For this the men heartily despised him—far more than they did those who had been ready to go back all along. In addition to this, they had been suspecting—and lately had felt sure—that he was a snake in the grass. That he laid himself out to pick up, fairly or stealthily as might be, bits of information about them, their doings and sayings, their miserable condition, and threats of revenge, and carried them to the works and to Richard North. And so—the contents of this pistol that Poole held in his hand, were meant for Richard.

For long time the malcontents of North Inlet had been burning to take vengeance on somebody: some new treachery on Bailey's part, or suspected treachery, had come to light, and they determined to shoot him. Oh, poor misguided, foolish men! As if it would make things better for them! Suppose they killed Bailey, how would it ease their condition? Bailey had not suffered half what they suffered. He was an unmarried man; and, during the strike he had been helped by his relatives, who were pretty well off, so that he had been turned into stone when the works were finally re-opened.

For the night was dark; a drizzling rain had come on, and that part was not well lighted. The small band about to issue from the gates of the works, would come down by this waste land and pass within about fifteen yards of them. Poole had been a famous marksman in his day, and felt sure of his aim. John Allen knelt at his right hand, one Denton at the other; another beyond on either side; five in all.

Five o'clock struck. Almost simultaneously with it was heard the bell at the works, going token that it was time for the men to go to tea. Three or four sharp, quick strokes: nothing more.

"That's Green, I'll swear," cried Denton, alluding to the ringer. "I don't know he was back again: his rheumatics must be better."

"Hush-hush!" was all Denton got. And there ensued a breath-like silence. Not for long. Poole broke it.

"Where the devil are they?—why don't they come?"

Ay, why did they not come? Simply because they had been scarcely sufficient time for it. But every moment to these would be murderous, knelling there, seemed like a long drawn-out period.

"Here they be," whispered Denton.

It was so. The men were coming out at the gate, about twenty of them: two and two; the policemen to-night heading the string. At times the officers were behind, at other times on either side. Poole rose cautiously and prepared to take aim. They were coming across from the gates at a kind of right angle, and presently would pass the hedge, side-ways. This was the second night the men had thus lain in ambush: the previous one they had alike waited, but Bailey happened to be on the other side of his companion in the march, and so for the time was saved.

Allen stretched his hand up. His sight was as keen as a sailor's.

"Which side's he on, Jack?" whispered Poole. "I don't see him yet."

For answer John Allen put his hand quickly on Poole's arm to lower the pistol.

"No good again, mate," said he, "Bailey ain't there."

"Not there!" retorted Poole with a vile oath.

"I'm as nigh sure as I can be of it," said Allen: "wait till they come nearer."

It was so. Bailey from some cause or other was not there.

Some disturbance. A tramping of feet; and a shouting of running boys. Mrs. Gass

was pushed aside, with oaths, to make way for the cause of interruption pending. Poole, Denton, John Allen, and one more, were marching by in batches, marshalled by some policemen. A falling kiss greeted them.

"Twas a mistake," said Jack Allen, in answer to the kiss, reckless under his natural fate. "Twas meant for Bailey: not for the master."

"Is he dead?" called out Mrs. Gass.

But amidst the confusion she got no answer. And at that moment she became aware of a pale countenance near her, peering out from a muffling of wool.

"Good gracious, Mary, child! You shouldn't be out here."

"I have been with you all the while."

"Then, my dear, you just take yourself

WIT AND MIRTH.

THE BATTLE AT SUGAR.

BY CARLIE.

It was a still, calm night; the glorious moon was sailing through the sky; the river was running under; the clouds were cloudy; the soldiers were marching. I stepped out of my tent and turned over Van Motte. He took my arm and invited me to the tent of the Crown Prince.

"Molt," said I, "what's your little game?"

"Penny ante," replied he.

"Treble him," added I.

"You are a French spy. Ha! ha!" said he, grasping my collar. "Ho! ho!"

"Dot dot goot," added I.

"Then your dutch," sighed he, dropping me like a pair of hot tongs.

In the tent we found the King, the Crown Prince, Gen. Stigmann, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Forsyth.

"Molt," said I, "introduce me to the King."

"Bill," said he, "this is Jenkins."

Bill held out his foot and I took a suck at his great toe.

Then we went at the game. Bill is pretty good at it, but then he doesn't stand any chance beside Molt. The Crown Prince lost at least fourteen cents—and just as he had a splendid opportunity to retrieve his losses, in came an aide who announced that the French had surrendered.

"Where?" cried Van Motte.

"In Sedan," replied the aide.

"I know it," said Molt. "Bill, I told you they had no horses for a regular carriage."

Then we went out. The King invited me to sit in his carriage with Molt and Sheridan. We reached the scene of war.

The moon shone; the mountains were mountainous; the trees were treey; and the soft September breeze was breezy. Bismarck came up and asked the King to let him out behind.

"Bis," said I, "take my seat; I'll take a trip to the French camp."

So I tripped over to the French camp, and found things somewhat mixed. The moon shone. Steadily the Prussian troops advanced, and with a heroism worthy of a better cause, the French retreated. The Emperor wanted to die in the rear of his men.

"Nap," said I, "you'd better get up and go. The Prussians are coming."

"Jenkins," said he, "kiss me for my mother. I'm betrayed."

"Why don't you have more chessepots?" said I.

"I'll surrender," said he; "get me a white flag."

So I took one of Eugene's old pocket-handkerchiefs which I found in the tent, stuck it on the end of the sabre of the nephew of his uncle, put Nap in the carriage, jumped in myself, and drove to the Prussian camp. The moon shone; all nature smiled; the rivers were rivery; the heavens were chary.

Bill received us very coolly at first—but I gave him the wink, and he suggested to His Majesty that he'd better take the Emperor prisoner.

"Nap," said Bill, "is the game up?"

"Bill," said Nap, "you've scored the game. I leave my old clothes to the Regent. I hope she'll like the breeches."

Then he treated to signatures, and we all went back to our game of penny ante.—Punchinello.

Mark Twain on Chambermaids.

Against all chambermaids, of whatever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Bachelordom!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your other books into inaccessible places. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a basket or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping about in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you come in at midnight, or thereabout, you will fall over the rocking chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in the slop tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get.

They always save up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts.

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

A PERSON, attending church, took down a hymn as he heard it, and afterward referred to the hymn-book for a translation, with the following result:

WHAT HE HEARD.
"Wow-haw, saww da wow saw,
Thaw now thaw saww saw;
Wow-haw law thaw saww saw saw
Aw law saw saw saw."

THE TRANSLATION.
"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."



BEHIND TIME.

TICKET COLLECTOR.—"This your boy, mum? He's too big for a half ticket!"
MOTHER (down upon him).—"Oh, is he? Well, p'rhaps he is now, Mister; but he wasn't when we started. This evenin's ever so man hours be'ind time, an' he's a growing lad! So now!"—[Exit in triumph.]

A Funeral Sermon.

It is said that once a man of small consequence died, and the Rev. T. K. Beecher, (not H. W. B.), was asked to preach the funeral sermon—a man who abhors the laudation of people, either dead or alive, except in dignified and simple language, and then only for merit which they actually possessed or possessed, not merits which they merely ought to have possessed. The friends of the deceased got up a stately funeral. They must have had misgivings that the corpse might not be pleased strongly enough, for they prepared some manuscript headings and notes in which nothing was left unsaid on that subject that a fervid imagination and an unabridged dictionary could compile, and those they handed to the minister as he entered the pulpit. They were merely intended as suggestions, and so the friends were filled with consternation when the minister stood up in the pulpit and proceeded to read off the curious odds and ends in ghastly detail and in a loud voice! And their consternation solidified to petrification when he paused at the end, contemplated the multitude reflectively, and then said impressively:

"The man would be a fool who tried to add anything to that. Let us pray!"

INNOCENT DEAL.—Last week a gentleman of this city was pouring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided that it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts." "Well, Mr. Smith, you know, one don't like to make a choice in these matters—a little delicate, you understand; but, really, if you insist upon it—I suppose you will—why, I should say an engagement ring dearly!" was the innocent reply.

Mrs. EDWARDS (lately married). "Really, George, I thought you would be more interesting, and not smoke for hours, without exchanging a word. This does not realize those bright pictures you painted before our marriage."

MR. EDWARDS. "You may depend upon it, darling, all pictures look better through the medium of smoke. It tones them down."

[Mrs. Edwards does not know in the least what Mr. Edwards means; neither does he know himself; but the effect is all the same. Mrs. Edwards is silenced.]

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—John Van Buren once won a suit at which the opposite party was so enraged, that he declared that whenever he met "Prince John" he would pitch into him. They encountered each other at an oyster counter. The man at once addressed him: "Mr. Van Buren, is there a cause so bad, or an individual so infamous, that your services cannot be obtained?" "I cannot say," said John, swallowing another oyster; and then, stooping over, he asked, in an undertone that everybody could hear—"What have you been doing?"

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

The following extract is from an address by Baboo Kerhub Chunder Sen, the distinguished Hindoo preacher, now in England:—

"If you desire to see honest and conclusive illustrations of the golden principles of temperance, go to India. Go from village to village, and from town to town, and you will see with your own eyes what wonders have been achieved in that nation by the power of temperance, and the temperance alone. But also! if you wish to see the effects which have resulted from the interference of a Christian nation and a Christian government with those principles and practices of temperance, you must go to India. There you will see new hundreds upon hundreds—ay, thousands upon thousands, of enlightened, energetic, and promising young men and young women are dying months after months, and year after year, as the necessary and inevitable consequence of that iniquitous system of liquor traffic which the British government, to its shame, has introduced into India."

THE DEVIL'S SONATA.—It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep, and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. In this dream the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata off-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to the desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonata du Diable."

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Wow-haw, saww da wow saw,
Thaw now thaw saww saw;
Wow-haw law thaw saww saw saw
Aw law saw saw saw."

THE TRANSLATION.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

These sober words tell the old, old story of New England women worked to death.

"Twelve o'clock will kill me in three more years." That is it. And when she is dead, the husband, the kind husband, will say,

"Well, she did have to work pretty hard."

"You know, we couldn't get a good girl."

"She went down in a hurry after she once gave up." Worked to death!

There is no class of women in the world subjected to such studies; such existing toll as those who are their own dairy-maids in addition to being their own housekeepers, and the conjunction is not an unusual one among even well-to-do farmers, both east and west of the Hudson.

Good in-door help has been among the things not to be had in the years gone by. It will be easier obtained when Chinamen, who do now most of the butter-making in California, are welcomed to our homes.

But even those some farmers cannot afford to pay, and perhaps cannot get, even if the cost were not a serious obstacle. What can be done for ten thousand such women as the one who penned this honest and most earnest appeal? The best thing that presents itself now is the erection of butter-factories within reach of their homes.

They have proved a great success. They are destined to multiply; and although the profits of a dairy may not be quite as large, taking all things into the account—and even on this point we do not speak with any degree of assurance—when we consider the load lifted from the shoulders of the wife who is being worked to death, the transfer of the milk from her charge and manipulation to that of those whom sinews are stronger set, the expediency of the thing is at once apparent.

One of the largest butter-factories, and perhaps one of the most successful, is at Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. During the month of July it had the milk from 850 cows, and besides the skimmed cheese, which amounts frequently to a ton a day, it produced 775 pounds of butter in the same twenty-four hours, or about fourteen and a half ounces average to a cow, which is a remarkable yield for the number milked.

Both butter and cheese are manufactured here by the pound—three cents for the former and two for the latter—those furnishing the milk paying for boxes, bandages, etc., for cheese; and salt, packages, etc., for butter.

In every point of view the institution is a success. The only fear is, that the country will be flooded with skimmed cheese to the great depression of the market; but time will regulate all this.

The best plan to start a butter or cheese factory, is to call a meeting of the inhabitants in any given locality, summon from some dairy region (paying him his expenses and for his time) some man who has had practical experience, and can therefore advise with reference to size of building, location, etc. Then let the farmers present subscribe for the stock—form, in fact, a Corporation, appoint Directors and a President, and during the winter the buildings can be erected, the machinery procured, and when spring comes, the women in the neighborhood, instead of having in prospect toll that never knows respite or change, can contemplate the summer, not as a season in which they are being worked to death, but one of such enjoyment as reasonable labor, surrounded with the beauties of the season, always af-

flecked to lead.

OUR RECEIPT FOR CURING MEAT.

To one gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
½ lb. of sugar,
½ oz. of saltpetre,
½ oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface, blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—Germantown Telegraph.

RAISE GOOD HORSES.

Speed is not the only good thing derivable from blood, it is very nearly the least good thing. That which the blood-horse does possess is a degree of strength in his bones, sinews, and frame at large, utterly out of proportion to the size or apparent strength of that frame. The texture, the form and the symmetry of the bones—all, in the same bulk and volume—possess double, or nearer four-fold, the elements of resistance and endurance in the blood-horse that they do in the cold-blooded cart-horse. The difference in the form and texture of the sinews and muscles, and in the inferior tendency to form flabby, useless flesh, is still more in favor of the blood-horse. Beyond this, the internal anatomical construction of his respiratory organs, of his arterial and venous system, of his nervous system, in a word, of his constitution generally—is calculated to give him what he possesses, greater vital power, greater recuperative power, greater physical power, in proportion to his bulk and weight, than any other known animal—added to greater quickness of movement, and to greater courage, greater endurance of labor, hardship, suffering—in a word, greater (what is called vulgarly) game or pluck than will be found in any other of the horse family.—American Stock Journal.

POTASH FOR PEACH TREES.

Dr. Gen. B. Wood, President of the American Philosophical Society, having noticed that his peach trees after producing a few crops, ceased bearing, and died in a few years; and believing that the cause of decay was worms at the roots of the tree, put into operation a plan for the destruction of the worms. He dug holes five or six inches deep at the base of the stem, scraped away all worms that could be found and filled up with wood ashes fresh from the stove, which of course contained all the potash. This was done in the autumn of 1862, with a result in the following spring at which he was astonished. The trees appeared to have been restored to all their early freshness and vigor.

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